

PISS WIRED

THE SAINTS



The Saints

Saints

the pits, a show, **PISSED JEANS**, cold meat,
bin liker, KF, Harry B, **THE SAINTS**
+ Batpiss

THE MYSTERY OF THE KEBABS

LONE TIME: Philosphy minus PHILOS?

ffffffffffffffffffffuu

repressed philosopher rediscovers youtube infotainment

Philosophers are driven very crazy by sitting in rooms and thinking alone, much like people sit in front of computers alone. It is just that we have caught up to the material standards and sometimes time allowance of these thinkers more today. You may notice that a paragraph on a philosophy forum or indeed a trashy zine is of the same linguistic skill as something published in a big old hardcover bargain bin book, though perhaps is less ingenious as you can blatantly see it's influences and you're smarter too. It's no rare occasion to come across something that speaks to you, that you get. It's only that it is not as liberating experience but maybe reminds you of how we are mired in the same kinds of historically/contextually/identity contingent shit. That we are all mired in the same kinds of shit should be a collectively enlightening revelation but instead, we perhaps are thinking as though we are these lonely 20th century consumers still, stuck in semi-obscurity. We cannot do anything because not enough people understand yet or have the ability to really grasp that the problems we think we understand are not really solid problems of a universal kind integral to the human – or relevant scope of humans- kind of problem. Everybody has a magnifying lens of some kind or other in their own ridiculous, skewed situation of either having a lack of something or too much of something like all these old rich philosophers with all their time. That grotesqueness fascinates us who are either ismilarly grotesque or, somewhat out of step or, healthily balanced and entertained or, grasping at some kind of reeater ambition to solve something we have identified out of our benevolence and empathy and scope of perception of everybody's problems even if they are not sttrictly ours.

Where this comes from is having watching a marvellously modern connivance of a jam packed cartoon shorthand summary version of lots of philosophers and having had read some of their works myself or seen people who liked them such as, Soren Kierkegaard. Whose book comes from a library of the town I lived as a small child so I can contrive some kind of sentimental

connection to the book but eugh I don't, it's hwat I would do if I were really more desperate than I am, or noi at all desperate and really cosy and proud of heritage. I don't mean a small town in Denmark also, I mean the Swan Hill Council library in Victoria Ausland.

What my philosophy is is something that I am not actually very sure of but I guess that it is a mess of all the things that these people are talking about and that it is not good to have boring writing rigfht here. Yes something that I am almost certain of is that second guessing here is not good this present moment but not entirely. All from the skool of lyf m8

AND THEN HE *DIDN'T* PISS HIS JEANS

A character which we are all familiar with went to a party on Friday in which he seemed out of place except for one respect, that he liked his box of wine and the kids at the party liked his wine too and were walking up to this awkward old timer fellow sporadically to inform him that they had heard about the presence of wine and would like to have some too, if he would kindly allow, before frittering off to the Destiny's Child dance room and taking instagram photos of their neat back to school/first year uni outfits. "Heeyy, my friend said you have some wine? Could I have some?" "Yes", he said, and sat and grew drunker and drunker as the night went on and on. I had got the impression that there would be mountains of food at this party but that had been a joke. The next explanation was that the cooking was an allusion to drugs, but there did not appear to be drugs. Or much alcohol. I had not gone on account of desiring rest. I thought that the character might have a little to eat and drink, in healthy proportion, before retiring to be fresh for the next night.

This character stayed for quite a while, though, finding a friend to talk to and then walked home via a new kebab shop called Abra Kebabra. It was very busy. But he was determined for the night finisher. "What sauce do you want?" "*ChhiIckEenn, BAaarbecUUUue...*" Our character waited. He watched as the man handed a kebab over the counter and perked up before a lady swiftly grabbed it and made off with it. ABRA KEBABRA YOUR KEBAB IS

DISAPPEARED. All hope seemed lost, at that point. He had sent a text saying, “zfghh need recouiggn” (rescuing) to his girlfriend who had offered help previously, but she had not replied. It was a long walk home. The next day, the account statement recorded that only \$5.20 was paid. For what? Who knows.

THE DAY

The next day was an important day as PISSED JEANS was playing at the Foundry this time. His girlfriend had arrived after he had made it home alone and witnessed some of the physical and mental retardation and was perturbed by the possible consequences. Would he choke on vomit? Trip over? The next morning, it was only after he had a few beers and perked up to explain to her that he would crash if he did not keep drinking before the show, and perhaps surrendering to a few sips herself, that the spiraling thoughts of anger contemplating a maternal bloodline of grandmothers wed to alcoholics faded. There was no choice. Drinking now was a work necessity. He is a veteran of drinking and hardly tardy. How much is too much? Well I suppose our good company would notice. Just, no other things to tax the organs and some fruit or vegetable consumption. Crashed one open myself. There goes my driving option. Too much logistics in our lives.

The character walked to his usual bassist's house after a stop to the laundromat and some orange juice. There, they practiced while I sipped a tallie and read a book about MAD magazine. A friend and housemate came in joyously and did an improv vocal contribution, like a soccer chant. On top of that he cooked chops and potatoes with butter and treated me to a lecture on the history of New Zealand, knowing about my Granddad's stuff. A bunch of us got in an uber.

THE SHOW

In the back room we found two stationery Americans stretched out on both the couches with a table of snacks between them. Nah not to be a prejudice dickhead, they were two Americans who were tired from a long drive from Melbourne, possibel jetlag and the snacks were in plastic bags untouched (we got to eat

some strawberries). They were two of the hardcore-redeeming PISSED JEANS blending astute contemporary commentary and serious intropection. Your dumb desires and counterpoints bound into articulate punching bag satisfaction. They were also excellent guys too. I got a photo their drummer emailed to me from his phone that night but is too drunk to show. Talked about a lot of uncomfortable cultural/political type things, Everett True, general banal Aus vs. US observations and some bullshitting.

They fit in very well and seemed universally respected, was almost weird when them being on Sub Pop came up in conversation but also not weird that they have video funding, or a label with an actual office because theyre of that calibre and exploit it the way bands should.

After Kitchen's Floor's set including the housemate they jusrt decided should do guest vocals, a part time member filling in kindly allowing the usual drummer for a once in a lifetime Paul McCartney family gig, and execution much tighter than the last Foundry thing. Batpiss a Melbourne band who competently played a genre/style I enjoy but no distinctive quirk or concept I could make out (some character told them they sucked, but I think that's a bit much). Tearing off lime flesh in the back room to eat it (there was vodka this time). Encountering a girl sitting on the floor who said it was a sausage fest up there, who I was happy to see had managed to get in and not sit at her work drinking alone. Saw a few people I hadn't seen around for a while, too. Good friendly night.

Trying to open one of these damn twist top caffeine drink cans. I can smell the syrupy sweet food acid. It is liquid fairy floss, gross. Placebo for writing about a mosh pit. I've already set this band up as a boiling pot of composite/opposite ideas and I guess the mosh pit is the baking soda and vinegar explosive experiment. I feel slightly anxious writing about it. It's different than writing about the Cosmic Psychos one (I can feel this macho boy market targeted carbonated nerve serum sliding down my throat and sticking to my tongue). Theirs induced a more abstract wariness, kind of tinny, public culture debate. The Pissed Jeans one is more fleshy and substantive. They

played 'the hits' Romanticise Me, The Bar Is Low and Boring Girls. They are self-dissecting, hot blooded confessionals coming from the innards of men who know better and delivered like they are honestly apologetic, and not with tails between their legs. I stood in the centre of this less sardine-like, and more puppy pen-like crowd, in which the guys I knew were the most restless of the bunch, seeking positive masculinity no doubt. Pissed Jeans sure shook us up, I wanted to be in there, risking foot face contact or no.

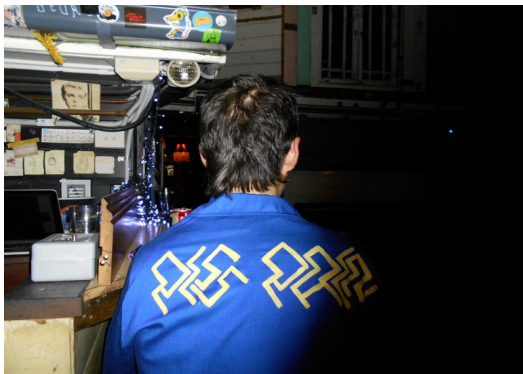


Illustration 1: TOM WITH BEST PISS PAIN MERCHANDISE IN EXISTENCE

THE PIT ETC.

It occurred to me vaguely that I might've been getting in the way of the boys expressing their feminist self-aware frustration by banging each other around and, the contradiction of myself being excluded from this - well I guess I didn't really give a shit because it was fun. Didn't even mind being in the centre of the floor where I'd be a likeliest casualty if the century old thing caved in. It's a sacrifice for my comrades – why not me be the casualty? Anyhow, bodies above head level, bodies connected around feet, up, down, jumping and general chaos. My generosity didn't always extend. Now sure you might not expect *generosity* being in a boiling pot of friends and acquaintances making raucous bodily contact. Just play fighting. But of all people I think that I am least incentive to be a good person there, because you can't hit a girl and girls can flail about mimicking some fantasy of what it's like for the tough boys. Less restraint. On account of the personal nature of the music, the lower crowd density and lower age group – or some personal

intent for all I know, but unlikely – I still got hit on the head and on the nose, along with the more placid Cold Fish member in my vicinity. I probably deserved it.

Spent twice the amount of time in the Cosmic Psychos mosh pit and just got sticky brown dirt all over my shoes. Metal wristwatch band loop thing got squished a bit. With Pissed Jeans, the whole watch snapped off from the metal pins and my left shoe came off and a big, satisfying bruise planted on my foot, directly on the centre.

Here is where the lack of generosity comes in. In front of me a toughest, most raucous fan had lost his left shoe also. I had a sudden impulse to get his other one off. So I stepped on it with my right shoe. A few times, and, in spastic microsecond may have touched him inappropriately (embarrassed to say). Like those hands brushing my chest in the Psycho's crowd, light hands bypassing rational judgement, or maybe caught between grabbing for balance and preventing grabbing because shit, it's not the place. But what if I really did it? I for a second, pure mindless subconscious drive took over? In the vein of social media confessionals, I'm sorry, and if my hands did violate you then please call me out on it. Aint Limp Bizkit. Small show.

Here is where C.W. Zine is dropped from it's lucrative circulation by archive dot org and Rockinghorse Records glass shelf. In my defense, the clumsy judo-inspired shoe attempt was part self-protection having seeing a shoe miss my face narrowly at the start. I'd forgotten all about that. Course I didn't want shoes around my head -sense in the madness. Anyhow I am really supposing I didn't truly violate anyone, given my tone. But **IMPORTANTLY** I take full responsibility if I did. It's not in anybody's, least of all my interest to act like there's an excuse molestation in effect. I put myself in a position of risky drunken self-interested impulse involving other's personal space. Yeah it was a dumb mosh pit. I still don't have to take it too far because the ethos of a mosh pit can be extrapolated or someone did something similar to me. Their risk to be there is not consent. Is this true? Or made up like the girlsuck show? Decide 4 urself

Enough about that. Isn't what I'd want to show

I will finish by giving a mention to Will who used to live under 116 living off beans, rice and tea and went overseas to make disability prosthetics and works in a hospital here. Alex too, who also used to live in Melbourne and is back in Brisbane and wrote a formal article about it. There are many other constructive members of society.

Tuesday 12/12/2017

myself uttering sentence fragments or expletives alone in my room I can remind myself that I am permitted to do that in a band (hangoiver Tourettes?). The place for the band is no longer limited to the stage or the studio either. For ourselves we can decide to be in the bedrooms. I have my own bedroom. It has carpets and a computer of my own. It has a bed. I have the things that I need. It is like a big game of musical chairs in which I have a chair, but it is an automatic chair that half chose me to sit in it.

Naah it's alright.

Thanks from “the Smart State” :-)



Illustration 2: there aint nothing that I
can('t) do (rotated to right)

